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as much as though we painted canvases or sculptured stone, and this is the *great* object to be attained in Art-education—to be artists, not to produce works of Art. Our works will perish, but that which we make ourselves, we shall always remain, imperishable, immortal idealities—clay modelled into the divine image, and adorned with the divine beauty.

INFLUENCE OF LOVE IN THE FINE ARTS.

"I tell thee, Love is Nature's second sun!"—*Geo. Chapman, the translator of Homer.*

FOSCOLA called the Fine Arts the children of Love! A worthy parentage of all that should be noble, gentle, pure—in a word, lovable.

We wish to say something of a power, experienced by all as a most potent spring of association, giving to the pressed leaf an influence akin to the lost one, in whose remembrance it is kept, and putting a sign upon a melody, that shall make us know it among a thousand, and prefer it to its betters, out of regard for her, who used to sing it to us.

Some may remember, when the summer opened upon them for the first time in a foreign clime, as one day they were walking upon the hills, they discovered some of the earliest buttercups of the season. If they had been possessed of the most delicate susceptibilities, they would not certainly, under the same circumstances at home, have passed by the unpretending thing without some token of recognition, though, it may be, they would scarcely have thought of it, since the time, when, as schoolboys, they would hold it under each other's chins, and test their propensities for butter. Many of us, even at that early age, have not, perhaps, enough of that simple, childlike faith, which is so great a boon to the possessor, and the worker of so many marvels, for oftener than otherwise, would we set ourselves up for little skeptics, and feel inclined to doubt the value of a test, unless it proved, what especially our grammar lessons had taught us, that there were exceptions to all rules.

But here, under a foreign sky, and amid all the surroundings of a strange land, we find a yearning love of home can disclose, in the meanest herb, a beauty that had only waited to be seen, and are taught that—

"Things base, and vile, holding no quality,
Love can transmute to form and dignity."

This, we shall call the appreciative power of love, which is common to all men, possessed of sufficient susceptibilities—and, in the artist, distinguishes by degree the true from the affected one. There is another influence which may be termed the creative power of Love, and which peculiarly belongs to the artist.

The world is knit by sympathy, and the highest of sympathy is love! Our thoughts are constantly tinged by a radiance from what we most love. When painter or poet give us their creations, as surely as we discover some likeness of their own natures in them, so surely there is a trace of the ideal of their chiefest love. Was not the color of Dante's pencil taken from the

object of his earthly love, to form the angelic being of his paradise? "The face of Raphael's mother," says one of our elegant essayists, "blends with the angelic beauty of all his madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Correggio, again and again meet in their works." Rauch has told us, that the success of his masterpiece, the statue of the late Queen of Prussia, was chiefly caused by his enthusiastic love for her qualities, and a loyal admiration of her character. The impulse sometimes takes the form of a religious enthusiasm, as was the case of Dannecker, in his daily contemplation of a vision of the Saviour, whose figure seemed to haunt him, "visiting him in sleep, and calling him from his bed to work." Need we longer wonder at the statue of the Redeemer?

The glorious conceptions of the great masters seem to confront any scruple we may have at seeing the holiness of the Son, and Her who bore Him, made the object of Art, since they appeared on earth, in the semblance of mankind. But here, we think, the conceptions of the artist should stay. The Father has shown himself only symbolically, in a glory, or by the still, small voice, and even the all-prevailing power of a religious love, combined with a transcendent genius, have scarcely seemed competent to afford to man a more palpable shape of the Most High, than those in which He has manifested Himself. High as may be the Art of Michael Angelo, in the Last Judgment, equal though it may be to that of Raphael in the Transfiguration, the word of the latter gains in a completion of the ideal, what the master-piece of Buonarrotti must always fail in, by reason of a necessarily unattainable super-terrestrial sight. The Transfiguration *was* witnessed of men. The Day of Judgment is yet *to be*. Lorenzo Lippi, the rival of Salvator, held it for a maxim to paint only what could be seen, and leave to poetry the illimitable bounds of thought. Certainly, the truth of such a remark is not in all cases to be upheld; for it would seem no more in poetry, than in painting, can the august majesty of the Father be attained. Witness the Jehovah of Milton; we cannot think him the Lord God. There is something wanting; and that something is precisely what distinguishes the King of Heaven from his subject mortals. Here, indeed, no love can aid us, unless it be love in God Himself, and that is not "of earth, earthly."

One of the best instances of the triumph of Love in Art is the history of that type of head, so easily recognized as that of Christ, which deserves, at least, the merit of being a faithful attempt at a portrayal of the ideal of the union of such attributes as were His, whether we assent or not to the opinion, that it has failed in the result. The earliest Christians, after his personal appearance was forgotten, believed in the literal interpretation of the Scriptures, where reference is made to the meanness of his person. After a while, now and then, some one would venture to show a spark of philosophy, and intimate something of a spirit of Art, in believing that the Deity could not dwell in a mean shape. The fourth century came, and with it, an awakening of a Love of the Saviour, and the result was, we no longer find any of these debasing conceptions among the great

writers of the Church, while, on the contrary, except, perhaps, in the case of a few obstinate monks, the majesty of his form is dwelt upon, and a type was created, that was more just to the Redeemer, as well as to their love of Him.

Fervor is undoubtedly one of the strongest aids in Art, and Love is its fountain-source. Yet we have reason to believe that excess here as in many other things, may cause us to overstep our proper limits. For instance, when we see those who hold themselves subject to the See of Rome, bow before the image of a black Virgin, arrayed in gauzes, and bespangled with tinsel and paper flowers, as we once saw at the Church of Cleri, on the banks of the Loire, though we will not take it upon ourselves to deny the worshippers all of the most desirable qualities of a religious veneration, yet we must feel, and refined Catholics will agree with us, that love in such cases has degenerated into superstition, and instead of elevating in the ideal, has only debased. So much for an excess of indiscriminating love. On the other hand, even a Protestant feels an awakening of Love in him for some of the symbols of the Romish Church, not, indeed, amounting to an adoration of them, but enough to conduce greatly to an appreciating of such as works of Art. This is the case, when we stand before a fine Madonna and Child; and the reason is, perhaps, because the ideal appears humanized to us, and coming nearer to our earthly passions and sympathies, we are enabled, partially, to forget, that the dross of mortality was wanting there.

There is another instance in which the power of love may not be conducive to the advancement of Art—as in the case of a love of country giving rise to an exclusive love of national Art, thus placing sectional limits for admiration in matters that should be cosmopolitan in their range, because speaking a language which is not addressed to the ear alone, but to the eye, as the inlet of the understanding and heart of all nations. Thus Scotch music finds few admirers out of Scotland, yet many a clansman, who confesses no music in his soul, will hum a Scotch air, and love it too, because it is Scotch. Now, unless there were some, who sufficiently acknowledge a world-citizenship, and can see that such a love were more worthily bestowed, the ear of Edinburgh might never hear the finest productions of an Art so purely cosmopolite as music.

We have already spoken of the creative power of love, as peculiar to the artist himself, and the question arises, how can it be best directed. Schlegel has written, "In the Fine Arts, to imitate merely is of no account. What we borrow must be again born in us, if we would arrive at a poetical effect." The object, then, is to fuse into our nature the essence, so to speak, of what we would portray, and work rather from its effect in us, than from the merely visible, which the veriest boor might see, or be taught to see. The chief incentive to further this system of assimilation, is a love for the object. Indeed, the assimilation follows the love, whether we will it or not. Thus our own gestures become like those of our friend. So the features of the wife will become to resemble, in a measure, those of the husband, because of a continual loving contemplation of his face, and the

child she bears, affords as marked a proof of it. Thus, in one way or the other, assimilation must take place, for, says Lavater, "whatever in the circle of our affection does not change us into itself, we must change as far as may be into ourselves."

We may say, that such is the duty of the true artist, and what distinguishes him from the mere mannerist, who, on the contrary, as Shaftsbury says, "brings truth and Nature to his humor, instead of accommodating his humor and fancy to their standard." Nevertheless, there is a stamp that genius puts upon all its works, which, though from uniformity, bearing some resemblance to mannerism, is yet distinct from it. It is that which makes us pleased with oft-repeated landscapes, and familiar themes from Scripture and Shakspeare, when submitted to the idiosyncrasies of treatment in an artist of genius.

We have intimated above, that in the mind of an artist should be a furnace, in which there is a fusion of all influences, where he can get the metal for his works. When Shakspeare wrote, "I saw Othello's visage in his mind," he meant to imply that Desdemona had been affected through mental influences chiefly, and from their results, she had created an exterior, which seemed more real to her than that before her eyes. It is a faculty of this kind, that is so valuable to the portrait painter, and can alone prevent his giving us the mere blemished case that holds the man. It is the great reliance of the idealizing artist. On this depended the maker of that type of Homer's head which we have, who fashioned it not from any known representation of the Bard, but from an image, existent in his own mind, as he appeared to him

Not in actual shape returning,
As when living among men,
But in features, which his yearning
Thoughts had fancied for him then."

JUSTIN WINSOR.

THE WILDERNESS AND ITS WATERS.*

CHAPTER XIII.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

"WELL, Angler," said I, the following morning, after we had finished breakfast, "what shall we do to-day?" "I mean to have a good time doing nothing," replied he, puffing away at his pipe, for cigars had given out some time since, and they (for I didn't smoke) were reduced to a single pipe, which they used alternately. Student lay on his back on the hemlock bed, at the edge of which Angler was sitting, with his face to the fire, which was by no means uncomfortable. I was standing outside, and close by sat the guides, one each side of the stump of a spruce we had cut down the day before, and on which was deposited the frying-pan with the trout from which they were making their breakfast, for they always waited until we had finished, before they began to eat. This is wilderness etiquette, and the guides are always perfectly respectful and deferential to their employers. They were jibing and jesting with one another in an undertone, yet as amicable as two brother bull-dogs.

The morning sun shone in among the trees, whose leaves quivered not; and, through the opening in the firs the blue lake was visible, glassy as it was possible for it to be. Everything was still and idle, except the sun, which was moving towards the zenith, only because it was easier than to stand still. Even the leaves were not growing, but were getting ready for a long rest—everything that could be quiet was so, and there seemed a fitness in our doing nothing on such a day. We heard the distant wail of a loon far out on the lake, and I thought of the Ancient Mariner's albatross, and recollected that I had had one killed for me. In fact, the voice of the loon has sounded very differently since that one was killed—and, when Bill took up his rifle, intending to get a shot at it from the shelter of the firs, I stopped him, and consoled myself by the reparation of preventing another of the race from sharing the fate of the first one. It is a nice bit of sophistry that, which we put off on ourselves sometimes, thinking that we make atonement for one wrong by *not* doing another, but I couldn't make it answer this time. I wished he would stop his screaming: I knew what I had done just as well without that.

On examining the stores, we found the bread reduced to a single loaf and some fragments, and the bones of the deer were pretty well picked, so that we could not get more than one meal yet from him. It was, therefore, concluded that the guides should go back to Mike's with one boat and get some provisions, bread, and a haunch of venison, if possible, while we enjoyed our sweet idleness, without further care for what we should eat or drink. There were plenty of trout at the falls, we knew, so that as long as the salt held out, we should manage to get a dinner, even if the guides should not be able to get supplies at Mike's cabin. They set out, and Moodie's song was soon lost in the distance, and we were left to ourselves. Angler got out his fly-making apparatus, and set about making some brown hackles. Student, with the fowling-piece, followed the shore, in hope to get a shot at some red-headed ducks, which had been flying past, and I, taking a drawing-book which Angler had in his carpet-bag, and which was smaller and more convenient than my portfolio, wandered into the wood, to sketch some of the huge tree-trunks, which, half draped with moss, presented most picturesque studies. I spent an hour or two in the stillness, and returned to find Angler trying his skill in casting from the boat at the water's edge, and occasionally, in spite of himself, catching a nimble little shiner, whose silvery sides and rosy fins made him almost as much an object of admiration as the trout. We pushed the boat out a few rods beyond the rushes, and Angler cast off on the quiet water to test his ability. When he had gone the "length of his tether," I measured the line from the reel to the fly, and found it slightly more than seventy feet. This was with a light single handed rod, and we thought was pretty good casting. I tried my strength, and could cast between thirty and forty feet. "You will find," said Angler, "that very much depends on the length of the rod, and when you hear of great casts being

made by somebody, find out what kind of a rod was used. With my salmon rod, which I used at the rapids the other day, I could cast a hundred feet, as readily as seventy with this, but it requires a heavier fly, and is not nearly so pleasant fishing, though sometimes useful, when, as at the rapids, we cannot reach the most promising eddies with a single-handed rod." At this juncture, a fish rose at a little distance, which, to my inexperienced vision, seemed very like a trout. Begging Angler to put the boat near enough for me to make a cast for him, when he rose but missed the fly, rose again and hooked himself. I played him carefully and proudly for some minutes, when, reeling him in slowly, I found I had captured a "chub" of about three quarters of a pound weight, and with a hearty laugh from my senior, I cast him gently back into the lake. Laying down my rod in vexation, I sat down in the boat and watched the minnows under me. They were playing about in crowds of all sizes, darting and racing here and there, scattering in fullest speed as some patriarch of their race came near, and then gathering leisurely together again. There were shiners and chubs, little and great, with now and then a sun-fish, who stole in with a queer, nervous kind of motion, and an upturned eye. By and by there came along a great, lazy, black-looking fish, swimming near the bottom, whom, by his feelers, and the size of his head, I recognized as an old friend, the bull-head, improperly called cat-fish, in some places. "Now," said I, "get out your bait-rod, and we'll catch some bull-heads, by way of variety." Angler despised the game, but I rigged up the bait-rod, and putting on a piece of one of the chubs, cast my line into the depths, and waited patiently as ever I did in my boyish days. After a tedious time the bite came, a good strong, steady pull, and the line moved off towards the deep water. I pulled, and had him fast. He described some wide circles, and rushed with a frantic force to and fro, but just as I had drawn him into sight, he broke away again, and already tired, I gave it up, and put up the tackle. It was sheer barbarity, for we would not eat them if caught. The guides said that they were caught weighing three or four pounds, and in great plenty.

In the meanwhile, Student had succeeded in getting a shot at the ducks, and now came to get the boat to get one, which he had killed. We rowed along the shore and picked him up, and then, to kill time, rowed about the lake aimlessly. The glorious quiet day, the dreamy landscape, and the absence of any material cares, made it a delightful thing to idle, and so we paddled and floated by turns, until our appetites reminded us of dinner.

The simplest of dinners finished, for want of better occupation, we set about improving our residence. The roof, being of spruce boughs, was not absolutely impervious to rain, but could, probably, be made so, by a tolerably thick thatching. I took the axe and assailed a good sized spruce, but my awkwardness with the tool only excited laughter. I hacked and chopped until the perspiration rolled off my face, and the blisters began to form on my hands; but the tree, though not more than eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, was not half cut through. Angler took the

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